

Presented to
Miss Annie E. Wheaton
Of Warren R.I.

THE ELYSIAN ISLE

Nº 2 OF GIFT SONGS

MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

OLIVER J. SHAW.

25 Cts. nett.

New York, FIRTH, POND & C^o / Franklin Sq.

Albany OLIVER J. SHAW.

Entered according to act of Congress AD 1850 by Firth Pond & C^o in the Clerk's Office of the district Court of the Southern district of New York

1850
SHAW

17438

THE ELYSIAN ISLE

No 2 of
Gift Songs

Music by
Oliver J. Shum

New York FIRTH POND & CO 1 Franklin Sq.

EXPRESSIVO.

Legato.

Espress.

It

was a sweet and pleasant isle, As fair as isle could be;..... And the

722

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff for piano, marked 'EXPRESSIVO.' and 'Legato.' The key signature is one sharp (F#). The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'It was a sweet and pleasant isle, As fair as isle could be;..... And the'. The piano part continues with a melodic accompaniment. The score is numbered 722 at the bottom.

Entered according to Act of Congress AD 1850 by Firth Pond & Co in the Clerks Office of the Dis^t Court of the Southern dis^t of New York.

wave that kiss'd its san-dy shore Was the wave of the In-dian sea. It

seem'd an em'rald set by heav'n On the o-cean's daz-zling brow, And

where it glow'd long a-ges past, It glows as green-ly now.

ad lib. *Esp* -----

col voce. *dim.* *Expres.*

I've wander'd oft in its val-leys bright, Thro' the gloom of its leafy bow-ers; And

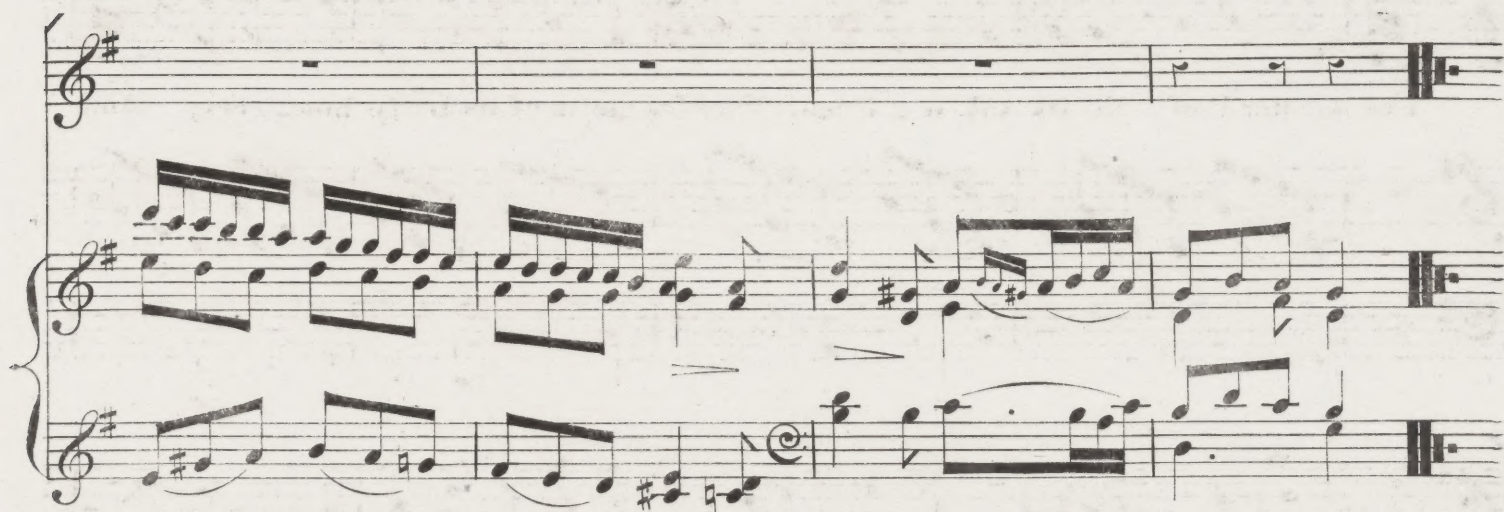
breath'd the breath of its spi-cy gales, And the scent of its count-less flow'rs. I've

seen its bird of the crim-son wing, Float under its clear blue sky; I've

heard the notes of its mock-ing bird, On the eve-ning wa-ters die.

Esp. rallen - - tan - - do.

Esp. col voce. ritard. pp



3

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
 When the world was hush'd in sleep;
 I've dreamed of the shipwrecked gems that lie,
 On the floor of the boundless deep.
 And I gather'd the shells that buried were,
 In the heart of its silver sands;
 And toss'd them back on the running wave,
 To be caught by viewless hands.

4

Elysian Isle! I may never view
 Thy birds and roses more;
 Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze
 As it seeks thy jewelled shore.
 Yet thou art treasured in my heart,
 As in thine own deep sea;
 And in all my dreams of the spirit's home,
 Dear Isle! I picture thee.

